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THE SKETCHER.

MINE be the sketcher's life,
The sketcher's life for me!
Passing the live-long summer day
Under the greenwood tree;

Wandering in forest glades
When spring, with sunny glance,
Bids her sweet nurslings wake again
From their long wintry trance;

Scattering sweet violets
By brooks and shady bowers,
And starring many a verdant bank
With golden primrose flowers;

Oft listening while the birds,
From leafy twig or tree,
Chant with full throat, from merry heart,
Their heavenly minstrelsy;

Now by some murmuring brook,
Whose crystal waters flow
O'er pebbly beds, through sylvan shades,
With music soft and low;

Or where, through craggy cleft
The mountain torrent pours,
Scattering the rocks that bar his course
To ocean's distant shores.

With morning's earliest gleam
To watch how field and grove
Reflect the laughing orient ray
With answering smile of love;

And when the sun's last rays
Have passed from cliff and spire,
To mark the course of sinuous stream
By track of golden fire.

So, when stern winter frowns
With dark and stormy hours,
Fancy for us shall weave a scene
Of bright, unfading bowers;

Bidding us oft again
Recline in golden ease,
Where Greta trips with twinkling feet
To wed the statelier Tees;

Leading our willing steps
By grove, and hill, and stream,
And calling back to memory's eye
Each bright unearthly gleam.

Such life be ours to lead,
From care and turmoil free,
Blithe as the birds that sing so gay
In copse and greenwood tree!

G. H. W.

THE HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

Translated for THE CRAYON.

THE husband is a master; the lover a slave—before becoming a tyrant.

The first gives orders, is exacting; the second asks nothing except on his knees.

The one, in seeking to please is conscious of duty and dignity; the other becomes ridiculously capricious and happy in his humiliation.

The husband, if a man of mind, soon loses his influence; the lover, though a ninny, carries with him always the charm of novelty.

The husband bears with him the imperfections and infirmities of human nature; the lover is seen only enamelled in smiles.

When the cares and troubles of the husband swarm around the ears of his wife, the lover carefully draws a poetic drapery over his, and shapes himself into the very form of witchery, to show his superiority to the husband.

The title of husband is pregnant with authority and duty; that of the lover with love and pleasure.

The husband, though exuberant in wit and humor to others, is drowsiness itself to his wife; the lover is void of time for either, because he has to feed and fire the imagination.

Dull habit soon cools the summer ardor of the husband; the lover is wild with impatience, which he interprets and mints into the current coin of boiling passion and overflowing affection.

The jealousy of the husband is a grinding despotism; that of the lover a conflagration of the heart.

To a woman of strong emotional nature the indissolubility itself of the marriage tie becomes insipid and wearisome from the very security it gives, whereas the dread of forfeiting her lover forces her into amiability, and draws closer together the cord which ties her to him.

If principle is the warp of the husband, imagination is the woof of the lover.

Marriage, in short, is to a woman—loving pleasure rather than duty—a painful voyage through an unknown country, through byways at once toilsome and monotonous: love is a delightful voyage through a beautiful and picturesque country, titillating our curiosity, exciting by turns our interest or disturbing our repose, awakening enthusiasm or producing apprehension.

To beget loyalty in his wife, and to awaken and attract her affections to him, what has the husband to do?

He must, first of all, invest himself with all the varied charms of the lover, his own to be manifested only through constancy and devotion; to become worthy, he must evince worth, and after having rendered his wife faithful through love, he must render her faithful through virtue.

It is easy to criticise an author, but difficult to appreciate him.—*Vauvenargues.*

PATIENCE is the art of hoping.—*Vauvenargues.*